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POPULAR TALES.

From the Philadelphia Courier.

GOING TO THE SPRINGS; Or, Vulgar People.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I suppose you will all be off to Saratoga, in a week or two," Uncle Joseph Garland said to his three nieces, as he sat chatting with them and their mother, one hot day, about the first of July.

"We're not going to Saratoga this year," Emily, the eldest, replied, with a knowing toss of her head.

"Indeed! and why not, Emily?"

"Everybody goes to Saratoga, now."

"Who do you mean by everybody, Emily?"

"Why, I mean merchants, shop-keepers, and tradesmen, with their wives and daughters, all mixed up together, into a kind of hodge-podge. It used to be a fashionable place of resort—but people, that think any thing of themselves, don't go there now."

"Bless me, child," old Uncle Joseph ejaculated, in surprise. "This is all new to me. But you were there last year."

"I know it. And that cured us all. There was not a day that we were not crowded down to the table among the most vulgar kind of people."

"How vulgar, Emily?"

"Why, there was Mr. Jones, the watchmaker, with his wife and two daughters. I need not explain what I mean by vulgar, when I give you that information."

"I cannot say that I have any clearer idea of what you mean, Emily."

"You talk strangely, Uncle! You do not suppose that we are going to associate with the Joneses?"

"I did not say that I did. Still, I am in the dark as to what you mean by the most vulgar kind of people."

"Why common people, brother," Mrs. Ludlow said, coming up to the aid of her daughter. "Mr. Jones is only a watchmaker, and therefore has no business to push himself and family into the company of genteel people."

"Saratoga is a place of public resort," was the quiet reply.

"Well, genteel people will have to stay away, then, that's all. I, at least, for one, am not going to be annoyed as I have been for the last two or three seasons at Saratoga, by being thrown amongst all sorts of people."

"They never troubled me any," spoke up Florence Ludlow, the youngest of the three sisters. "For my part, I liked Mary Jones very much. She was—"

"You are too much of a child to be able to judge in matters of this kind," the mother said, interrupting Florence.

Florence was fifteen: light-hearted and innocent. She had never been able, thus far in life, to appreciate the exclusive principles upon which her mother and sisters acted, and had, in consequence, frequently fallen under their censure.

Purity of heart, and the genuine graces flowing forth from a truly feminine spirit, always attracted her, no matter what the station of the individual, in whose society she happened to be thrown. The remark of her mother silenced her, for the time, for experience had taught her, that no good could result from a repeated declaration of her opinions, on a subject of this kind.

"And I trust she will ever remain the child she is, in these matters," Uncle Joseph said, with emphasis. "It is the duty of every one, sister, to do all that he can to set aside the false ideas of distinction that prevail in the social world, and to build up on a broader and truer foundation, a right estimation of men and things. Florence, I have observed, discriminates according to the quality of the person's mind, in whose society she is thrown, and estimates accordingly. But you, and Emily, and Adeline, judge of people according to their rank in society—that is, according to the position to which wealth alone has raised them. In this way, and in no other, can you be thrown so into association with 'all kinds of people,' as to be really affected by them. For the result of my observation is, that in any circle, where a mere external sign is the passport to association, 'all sorts of people,' the good, the bad, and the indifferent are mingled. It is not a very hard thing for a bad man to get rich, sister; but for a man of evil principles to rise above them, is very hard indeed; and is an occurrence that too rarely happens. The consequence is, that they who are rich, are not always the ones whom we should desire to mingle with."

"I don't see that there is any use in our talking about these things, brother," Mrs. Ludlow replied. "You know that you and I never did agree in matters of this kind. As I have often told you, I think you inclined to be rather low in your social views."

"How can that be a low view which regards

the quality of another, and estimates him accordingly?" was the reply.

"I don't pretend to argue with you on these subjects, brother; so you will oblige me by dropping them," Mrs. Ludlow said, coloring, and speaking in an offended tone.

"Well, well, never mind," Uncle Joseph replied, soothingly. "We will drop them."

Then turning to Emily, he continued—

"And so your minds are made up not to go to Saratoga?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, where do you intend spending the summer months?"

"I hardly know yet. But, if I have my say, we will take a trip in one of the steamers. A flying visit to London would be delightful."

"What does your father say to that?"

"Why, he won't listen to it. But I'll do my best to bring him round—and so will Adeline. As for Florence, I believe I will ask father to let her go to Saratoga with the Joneses."

"I shall have no very decided objections," was the quiet reply of Florence. A half angry and reproving glance from her mother, warned her to be more discreet in the declaration of her sentiments.

"A young lady should never attempt to influence her father," Uncle Joseph said. "She should trust to his judgment in all matters, and be willing to deny herself any pleasure to which he objected. If your father will not listen to your proposition to go to London, be sure that he has some good reason for it."

"Well, I don't know that he has such very good reasons, beyond his reluctance to go away from business," Emily replied, tossing her head.

"And should not you, as his daughter, consider this a most conclusive reason? Ought not your father's wishes and feelings be considered first?"

"You may see it so, Uncle; but I cannot say that I do."

"Emily," and Uncle Joseph spoke in an excited tone of voice. "If you hold these sentiments, you are unworthy of such a man as your father!"

"Brother, you must not speak to the girls in that way," Mrs. Ludlow said.

"I shall always speak my thoughts in your house, Margaret, was the reply; 'at least to you and the girls. As far as Mr. Ludlow is concerned, I have rarely occasion to differ with him.'"

A long silence followed, broken at last by an allusion to some other subject; when a better understanding among all parties ensued.

On that evening, Mr. Ludlow seemed graver than usual when he came in. After tea, Emily said, breaking in upon a conversation that had become somewhat interesting to Mr. Ludlow—

"I'm not going to let you have a moment's peace, Pa, until you consent to go to England with us this season."

"I'm afraid it will be a long time before I shall have any peace, then, Emily," the father replied, with an effort to smile, but evidently worried by the remark. This Florence, who was sitting close by him, perceived instantly, and she said—

"Well, I can tell you, for one, Pa, that I don't wish to go. I'd rather stay at home a hundred times."

"It's no particular difference, I presume, what you like," Emily remarked, ill-naturedly. "If you don't wish to go, I suppose no one will quarrel with you for staying at home."

"You are wrong to talk so, Emily," Mr. Ludlow said, calmly but firmly, "and I cannot permit such remarks in my presence."

Emily looked rebuked, and Mr. Ludlow proceeded.

"As to going to London, that is altogether out of the question. The reasons why it is so, are various, and I cannot now make you acquainted with all of them. One is, that I cannot leave my business as long as such a journey would require. Another is, that I do not think it altogether right for me to indulge you in such views and feelings as you and Adeline are beginning to entertain."

"You wish to go to London, because you don't want to go to Saratoga, or to any other of our watering places; and you don't want to go there, because certain others, whom you esteem below you in rank, can afford to enjoy themselves, and recruit their health at the same places of public resort. All this I do not approve, and cannot encourage."

"You certainly cannot wish us to associate with every one," Emily said, in a tone less arrogant.

"Of course not, Emily," Mr. Ludlow replied; "but I do most decidedly condemn the spirit from which you are now acting. It would exclude others, many of whom, in moral character, are far superior to yourself, from enjoying the pleasant, health-improving recreation of a visit to the Springs, because it hurts your self-importance to be brought into brief contact with them."

"I can't understand what you mean by speaking of these kind of people as superior in moral character to us," Mrs. Ludlow remarked.

"I said, some of them. And, in this, I mean what I say. Wealth and station in society do not give a moral tone. They are altogether extraneous, and too frequently exercise a deteriorating influence upon the character. There is Thomas, the porter in my store—a plain, poor man of limited education; yet possessing high moral resolutions that I would give much to call my own. That man's character I esteem far above the characters of many men in society, to whom no one thinks of objecting. There are hundreds and thousands of humble and unassuming persons like him, far superior in the high moral qualities of mind to the mass of self-esteeming exclusives, who think the very air around them tainted by their breath. Do you suppose that I would enjoy less the pleasures of a few weeks at Saratoga, because Thomas was there?"

I would, rather, be gratified to see him enjoying a brief relaxation, if his duties at the store could be remitted in my absence."

"There was so much the appearance of truth in what Mr. Ludlow said, combined with a decided tone and manner, that neither his wife or daughter ventured a reply. But they had no affection for the truth he uttered, and of course it made no salutary impression on their minds."

"What shall we do, Ma?" Adeline asked, as they sat with their mother, on the next afternoon. "We must go somewhere this summer, and Pa seems in earnest about not letting us visit London."

"I don't know, I am sure, child," was the reply, in a positive tone.

"I can't think of going to Saratoga," Emily said, in a positive tone.

"The Emersons are going," Adeline remarked.

"How do you know?" asked Emily in a tone of surprise.

"Victorine told me so this morning."

"She did?"

"Yes. I met her at Mrs. Levington's, and she said that they were all going next week."

"I don't understand that," Emily said, musingly. "It was only last week that Victorine told me that they were done going to Saratoga; that the place had become too common. It had been settled, she said, that they were to go out in the next steamer."

"Mr. Emerson, I believe, would not consent, and so, rather than not go any where, they concluded to visit Saratoga, especially as the Lesters, and Milfords, and Luptons are going."

"Are they all going?" Emily asked, in renewed surprise.

"So Victorine said."

"Well, I declare! there is no kind of dependence to be placed in people now-a-days. They all told me that they could not think of going to such a vulgar place as Saratoga again."

Then, after a pause, Emily resumed.

"As it will never do to stay at home, we will have to go somewhere. What do you think of the Virginia Springs, Ma?"

"I think that I am not going there, to be jolted half to death in a stage coach by the way."

"Where, then, shall we go?"

"I don't know, unless to Saratoga."

"Victorine said," remarked Adeline, "that a large number of distinguished visitors were to be there, and that it was thought the season would be the gayest spent for some time."

"I suppose we will have to go, then," Emily said.

"I am ready," responded Adeline.

"And so am I," said Florence.

That evening Mr. Ludlow was graver and more silent than usual. After tea, as he felt no inclination to join in the general conversation about the sayings and doings of distinguished and fashionable individuals, he took a newspaper, and endeavored to become interested in its contents. But he tried in vain. There was that upon his mind that absorbed his attention, at the same time that it oppressed his feelings. From a deep reverie he was at length roused by Emily, who said—

"So, Pa, you are determined not to let us go out in the next steamer?"

"Don't talk to me on that subject any more, if you please," Mr. Ludlow replied, evidently worried at the remark.

"Well, that's all given up now," Emily continued, "and we've made up our minds to go to Saratoga. How soon will you be able to go with us?"

"Not just now," was the brief, evasive reply.

"We don't want to go until next week."

"I am not sure that I can go even then."

"O, but we must go then, Pa."

"You cannot go without me," Mr. Ludlow said, in a grave tone.

"Of course not," replied Emily and Adeline at the same moment.

"Suppose, then, I cannot leave the city next week?"

"But you surely can."

"I am afraid not. Business matters press upon me, and will, I fear, engage my exclusive attention for several weeks to come."

"O, but indeed you must lay aside business," Mrs. Ludlow said. "It will never do for us to stay at home, you know, during the season when every body is away."

"I shall be very sorry if circumstances arise to prevent your having your regular summer recreation," he replied, in a serious, even sad tone.

"But I trust my wife and daughters will acquiesce with cheerfulness."

"Indeed, indeed, Pa! We never can stay at home," Emily said, with a distressed look. "How would it appear? What would people say if we were to remain in the city during all the summer?"

"I don't know, Emily, that you should consider that as having any relation to the matter."

"What have other people to do with what concerns us alone?"

"You talk very strangely of late, Mr. Ludlow," his wife said.

"Perhaps I have reason for so doing," he responded, a shadow flitting over his face.

An embarrassing silence ensued, which was broken, at last by Mr. Ludlow.

"Perhaps," he began, "there may occur no better time than the present, to apprise you all of a matter that must, sooner or later, become known to you. We will have to make an effort to reduce our expenses—and it seems to me that this matter of going to the Springs, which will cost some three or four hundred dollars, might as well be dispensed with. Business is in a worse condition than I have ever known it; and I am sustaining, almost daily, losses that are becoming

alarming. Within the last six weeks I have lost, beyond hope, at least one hundred thousand dollars. How much more will I am unable to say. But there are large sums due me that may follow the course of that already gone. Under these circumstances, I am driven to the necessity of prudence in all my expenditures."

"But three or four hundred are not much, Pa," Emily urged, in a husky voice, and with dimmed eyes. "For the fear of not being able to go some where, was terrible to her. None but vulgar people staid at home during the summer season."

"It is too large a sum to throw away now. So I think you had all better conclude at once not to go from home this summer," Mr. Ludlow urged, at the same time that he felt deeply wounded at the indifference manifested by his wife and children to the difficulties that were pressing him down.

A gush of tears from Emily and Adeline followed this announcement, accompanied by a look of decided disapprobation from the mother. Mr. Ludlow felt sorely tried, and for some moments his resolution wavered, but reason came to his aid, and he remained firm. He was accounted a very rich merchant. In good times he had entered into business, and prosecuted it with great energy. The consequence was, that he had accumulated money rapidly. The social elevation consequent upon this, was too much for his wife. Her good sense could not survive it. She not only became impressed with the idea, that because she was richer, she was better than others, but that only such customs were to be tolerated in 'good society,' as were different from prevalent usages in the mass. Into this idea her two eldest daughters were thoroughly inducted. Mr. Ludlow, immersed in business, thought little about such matters, and suffered himself to be led into almost any thing that his wife and daughters proposed. But Mrs. Ludlow's brother—Uncle Joseph, as he was called—a bachelor and a man of strong common sense, steadily opposed his sister in her false notions, but with little good effect. Necessity at last called into proper activity the good sense of Mr. Ludlow, and he commenced the opposition that has just been noticed. After reflecting some time upon the matter, he resolved not to assent to his family leaving home at all during the summer.

All but Florence were deeply distressed at this. She acquiesced with gentleness and patience, although she had much desired to spend a few weeks at Saratoga. But Mrs. Ludlow, Emily, and Adeline closed up the front part of the house, and gave directions to the servants not to answer the door bell, nor to do anything that would give the least suspicion that the family were in town. Then ensconcing themselves in the back buildings of their dwelling, they waited in gloomy indolence for the 'out of the city' season to pass away; consoling themselves with the idea, that if they were not permitted to join the fashionable at the Springs, it would at least be supposed that they had gone some where into the country, and thus they hoped to escape the terrible penalty of losing caste for not conforming to this indispensable rule of high life.

Mr. Ludlow was compelled to submit to all this, and he did so without much opposition; but it all determined him to commence a steady opposition to the false principles which prompted such absurd observances. As to Uncle Joseph, he was indignant, and failing to gain admittance by way of the front door, after one or two trials, determined not to go near his sister and nieces, a promise which he kept for a few weeks, at least.

Meantime, every thing was passing off pleasantly at Saratoga. Among the distinguished and undistinguished visitors there, was Mary Jones, and her father, a man of both wealth and worth, notwithstanding he was only a watchmaker and jeweller. Mary was a girl of no ordinary character. With beauty of person far exceeding that of the Misses Ludlow, she had a well cultivated mind, and was far more really and truly accomplished than they were. Necessarily, therefore, she attracted attention at the Springs; and this had been one cause of Emily's objection to her.

A day or two after her arrival at Saratoga, she was sitting near a window of the public parlor of one of the hotels, when a young man, named Armand, whom she had seen several times before, during the watering seasons, in company with Emily Ludlow, with whose family he appeared to be on intimate terms, came up to her and introduced himself.

"Pardon me, Miss Jones," he said, "but not seeing any of the Miss Ludlows here, I presumed that you might be able to inform me whether they intend visiting Saratoga or not, this season, and, therefore, I have broken through all formalities in addressing you. You are well acquainted with Florence, I believe?"

"Very well, sir," Mary replied.

"Then perhaps you can answer my question?"

"I believe I can, sir. Florence has been to see me several times within the last week or two; and she says that they shall not visit any of the Springs this season."

"Indeed! And how comes that?"

"I believe the reason is no secret," Mary replied, utterly unconscious that any one could be ashamed of a right motive and that an economical one. "Florence tells me that her father has met with many heavy losses in business; and that they think it best not to incur any unnecessary expenses. I do certainly admire such a course in them."

"And so do I most sincerely," replied Mr. Armand. "Then, after thinking for a moment, he added—

"I will return to the city in the next boat. All of their friends being away, they must feel exceedingly lonesome."

"It will certainly be a kind act, Mr. Armand,

and one, the motive for which they cannot but highly appreciate," Mary said, with an inward glow of admiration.

It was about eleven o'clock on the next day that Mr. Armand pulled the bell at the door of Mr. Ludlow's beautiful dwelling in Bleeker street, and then waited with a feeling of impatience for the servant to answer the summons. But he waited in vain. No servant came. He rang again, and again waited long enough for a servant to come half a dozen times. Then he looked up at the house and saw that all the shutters were closed; and down upon the marble steps and perceived that they were covered with dust and dirt, and on the bell handle, and perceived that it had lost its brightness.

"Miss Jones must have been mistaken," he said to himself, as he gave the bell a third pull, and then waited, but in vain, for the hall-door to be swung open.

"Who can it be?" Emily asked, a good deal disturbed, as the bell rang violently for the third time, and, in company with Adeline, went softly into the parlor to take a peep through one of the shutters.

"Mr. Armand, as I live!" she ejaculated, in a low, husky whisper, turning. "I would not have him know that we are in town for the world!"

And then she stole away quietly, with her heart leaping and fluttering in her bosom, lest he should instinctively perceive her presence. The reader will doubtless imagine the reason.

Finding that admission was not to be obtained, Mr. Armand concluded that the family had gone to some other watering place, and turned away irresolute as to his future course. As he was passing down Broadway, he met Uncle Joseph.

"So the Ludlows are all out of town," he said. "So they are not!" Uncle Joseph replied, rather crustily, for he had just been thinking over their strange conduct, and it irritated him.

"Why I have been ringing there for a quarter of an hour, and no one came to the door; and the house is all shut up."

"Yes; and if you had rung for a quarter of a century, it would all have been the same."

"I can't understand you," Mr. Armand said.

"Why, the truth is, Mr. Ludlow cannot go to the Springs with them this season, and they are so afraid that it will become known, that they buried themselves in the back part of their house, and denying all visitors."

"Why so? I cannot comprehend it."

"All fashionable people, you know, are expected to go to the Springs, and my sister and her two eldest daughters are so silly, as to fear that they will lose caste, if it is known that they could not go this season. Do you understand now?"

"Perfectly."

"Well that's the plain A B C of the case. But it provokes me out of all patience with them."

"It's a strange idea, certainly," Mr. Armand said, in momentary abstraction of mind; and bidding Uncle Joseph good morning, he walked hastily along, his mind in a state of fermentation.

The truth was, Mr. Armand had become much attached to Emily Ludlow, for she was a girl of an imposing appearance and winning manners. But this staggered him. If she were such a slave to fashion and observance, she was not the woman for his wife. As he reflected upon the matter, and reviewed his intercourse with her, he could remember many things in her conversations and conduct that he did not like. He could distinctly detect a degree of self-estimation consequent upon her station in society, that did not meet his approbation—because it indicated a weakness of mind that he had no wish to have in a wife.

The wealth of her father he had not regarded, nor did not now regard, for he was himself possessor of an independence.

Two days after, he was again at Saratoga. The brief interview that had passed between him and Mary Jones was a sufficient introduction for him; and, taking advantage of it, he threw himself in her way frequently, and the more he saw of her, the more did he admire her winning gentleness, sweet temper and good sense. When he returned to New York, he was more than half in love with her.

"Mr. Armand has not been to see us once this fall," said Adeline, one evening in October. "They were sitting in a handsomely furnished parlor in a neat dwelling, comfortable and commodious, but not so splendid as the one they had occupied a few months previous. Mr. Ludlow's affairs had become so embarrassed, that he determined, in spite of the opposition of his family, to reduce his expenses. This resolution he carried out amid tears and remonstrances—for he could not do it in any other way."

"Who could expect him to come here?" Emily replied, to the remark of her sister. "Not I, certainly."

"I don't believe that would make any difference with him," Florence ventured to say, for it was little that she could say, that did not meet with opposition.

"Why don't you?" asked Adeline.

"Because Mary Jones—"

"Mary Jones again!" ejaculated Emily. "I believe you don't think of my body but Mary Jones. I'm surprised that Ma lets you visit that girl!"

"As good people as I am visit her," Florence replied. "I've seen them there who would be welcome here."

"What do you mean?"

"If you had waited until I had finished my sentence, you would have known before now—Mary Jones lives in no better house than this, and Mr. Armand goes to see her."

"I don't believe it!" Emily said with emphasis.

Just as you like about that. Seeing is believing, they say, and as I have seen him there, I can do no less than believe that he was there."

"When did you see him there?" Emily now asked with eager interest, while her face grew pale.

"I saw him there last evening—and he sat conversing with Mary in a familiar way, that showed them to be no strangers to each other."

A long, embarrassed, and painful silence followed this announcement. At last, Emily got up and went off to her chamber, where she threw herself upon her bed and burst into tears. After these ceased to flow, and her mind had become, in some degree, tranquilized, her thoughts became busy. She remembered that Mr. Armand had called, while they were hiding away in fear lest it should be known that they were not on a fashionable visit to some watering place—how he had rung and rung repeatedly, as if under the idea that they were there, and how his countenance expressed disappointment as she caught a glimpse of it through the closed shutters. With all this came, also, the idea, that he might have discovered that they were at home, and have despised the principle under which they acted in thus shutting themselves up, and denying all visitors. This thought was exceedingly painful. It was evident to her, that it was not their changed circumstances that kept him away; for had he not visited Mary Jones?

Uncle Joseph came in a few evenings afterwards, and during his visit the following conversation took place.

"Mr. Armand visits Mary Jones, I am told," Adeline remarked, as an opportunity for saying so occurred.

"He does? Well, she is a good girl—one in a thousand," Uncle Joseph replied.

"She is only a watchmaker's daughter," Emily said, with an ill-concealed sneer.

"And you are only a merchant's daughter."

"Pray what is the difference?"

"Why, a good deal of difference."

"Well, state it."

"Mr. Jones is nothing but a mechanic."

"Well?"

"Who thinks of associating with mechanics?"

"There may be some who refuse to do so; but upon what grounds do they assume a superiority?"

"Because they are really above them."

"But in what respect?"

"They are better and more esteemed in society."

"As to their being better, that is only an assumption. But I see I must bring the matter right home. Would you be really any worse, were your father a mechanic?"

"The question is not a fair one. You suppose an impossible case."

"Not so impossible as you might imagine. You are the daughter of a mechanic."

"Brother, why will you talk so? I am out of all patience with you!" Mrs. Ludlow said, angrily.

"And yet no one knows better than you, that I speak only the truth. No one knows better than you, that Mr. Ludlow is a watchmaker, and the trade of a shoemaker. And that, consequently, these high-minded young ladies, who sneer at mechanics, are themselves a shoemaker's daughters—a fact that is just as well-known abroad, as any thing else relating to the family. And now, Misses Emily and Adeline, I hope you will hereafter find it in your hearts to be a little more tolerant of mechanics' daughters."

And thus saying, Uncle Joseph rose, and bidding them good night, left them to their own reflections, which were not of the most pleasant character, especially as the mother could not deny the allegation he had made, which was every word true.

On the next summer, Mr. Ludlow, whose business was, at least, no more embarrassed—and who had become satisfied that, although he should sink a large proportion of a handsome fortune, he would still have a competence left, and that well secured—proposed to visit Saratoga, as usual. There was not a dissenting voice—no objecting on the score of meeting vulgar people there.

The painful fact disclosed by Uncle Joseph, of their plebeian origin, and the marriage of Mr. Armand—whose station in society was not to be questioned—with Mary Jones, the watchmaker's daughter, had softened and subdued their tone of feeling, and caused them to set up a new standard of estimation. The old one would not do, for, judged by that, they would have to hide their diminished heads. Their conduct at the Springs was far less objectionable than it had been heretofore, partaking of the modest and retiring in deportment, rather than the assuming, the arrogant, and the self-sufficient. Mrs. Armand was there, with her sister, moving in the first circles; and Emily Ludlow and her sister Adeline felt honored rather than humiliated by an association with them. It is to be hoped that they will yet make sensible women.

STRANGE SIGHTS.

The papers teem with accounts of heavenly phenomena all over the country. First we have the Comet, which cannot be accounted for—then a remarkably bright day—and then a mysterious belt of light in the west at night. These things having excited considerable interest among the savans, and no small degree of anxiety among the nervous, we are induced to give a few extracts from an article lately written by the venerable Noah Webster, in reference to the occurrence of such unusual atmospheric phenomena during the last half century, to show that though strange and perhaps unaccountable, they are neither new nor alarming. He says:—

"In the dark day, May 16, 1780, the heavens were covered with a dense cloud for three or four hours; the Legislature was in session at Hartford, and such was the darkness that business could not be transacted without candles. During this time the clouds were tinged with a yellow or faint red for hours for which no cause has been assigned. I stood and viewed this phenomenon with astonishment, but I had not any fear that the world was coming to an end."

"In the evening of March 20, 1782, an extraordinary light spread over the whole hemisphere, from horizon to horizon, north and south, east and west. The light was of a yellowish cast, and wavy. The waving of the light was visible,

and some persons heard, or imagined they heard, a slight rustling sound. I then resided in Goshen, Orange County, New York, and stood half an hour on a bridge over the Wall Kill, to witness this extraordinary phenomenon, but I saw no person that was frightened at the sight."

"In the year 1783, a great part of Europe was for weeks overspread with a haziness of atmosphere which caused great consternation. The churches were crowded with supplicants. The Astronomer Lalande attempted to allay the fright by endeavoring to account for the appearance, which he ascribed to an uncommon exhalation of watery particles from the great rain of the preceding year. But at last the cause was ascertained to be smoke from the great eruption of the volcano Hecla, Iceland, which covered more than three thousand square miles with burning lava, in some places to the depth of forty feet. I had this account from Doctor Franklin who was in Europe at the time."

"In a late paper, published by the Millerites I saw an article stating that the northern lights foretell something terrible. The writer seems not to know that in the high northern latitudes, in the 16th degree northward, northern lights are of daily occurrence, and so have been from time immemorial. So illuminated are the heavens that persons may often see to read in the night."

"These lights occasionally come so far south as to illuminate the sky in our latitude. Sometimes they do not appear for many years. At the close of the 18th century those lights were not seen for a long time, and when they reappeared, about the year 1817, our ancestors who had not seen or heard of them, were all alarmed and actually supposed the day of judgement had come."

PECULIARITIES OF CATS.—When the British troops entered the dominions of the 'Golden Foot,' they were struck by what they believed to be the cruelty, or superstition of the natives of Burmah, in docking the tails of their cats to within an inch and a half of the root, and splitting them at the tip; perhaps it was a religious ceremony, they thought; or, perhaps, poor puss might pass with them, as with some other and more civilized nations, as a sort of fend, and this cutting & maiming might be a charm to restrain her powers of evil. But that it was solely the work of Dame Nature, was, after about two months ignorant speculation, discovered; when, one day, some soldiers found a cat lair in the woods, with a litter of kittens, all with short tails, split at the tips; nor does this peculiarity solely pertain to the Burmese cats—those of Malabar and Siam are also thus distinguished.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 21, 1843.

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.
A PROCLAMATION,
FOR A DAY OF

Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

ANNOUNCING by holy precepts, and following a venerated custom, I hereby, with the advice of the Council, appoint THURSDAY, the SIXTH day of APRIL, next to be observed, in this State, as a day of public humiliation, fasting and prayer; and the people of all religious denominations are requested to abstain from all labor and recreation inconsistent with the usual solemnities of the occasion.

It is recommended that we all unite, on that day, in humble supplication to the Almighty Dispenser of good to Man, that He may vouchsafe the continuance of His divine protection to our State, and to our nation; that the true spirit of the Institutions by which we are governed may be sustained against corrupting influences; that a wise system of laws may tend to the promotion of industry and morality, and to the diffusion of useful knowledge; that our Commerce, Fisheries, Manufactures, and all the occupations that contribute to our welfare and comfort, may be the objects of His bountiful favor.

It is, also, specially meet and just, on the return of this season when the labor of the husbandman in the cultivation of the soil, is to be resumed, that we implore His blessing on this primary occupation of Man, through which his bounty furnishes sustenance to our whole race.

Finally, let us offer prayers for ourselves, our Neighbors and Friends, that, after enjoying the blessings of this life, we may, through our Divine Redeemer and Mediator, be admitted to those which are eternal.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Augusta, the thirteenth day of March, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred & forty-three and in the sixty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States.

EDWARD KAVANAGH.

By the Governor:
PHILIP G. JONES, Secretary of State.

BUT ONE SPIRIT.

There seems to be a universal determination on the part of the Democracy to be of one mind in regard to the next candidate for President. "United we stand, divided we fall," is the motto among Democrats. We expect traitors in our ranks; but union will awe them into subjection. We mean to be of "one spirit and that the right one."

But one spirit, and the right one exists in the Democratic Press of the Union in relation to the approaching Presidential contest. We are to have the old battle over again; it is to be democracy against federalism; equality against privilege; man against money. The lawyers, brokers, politicians, and the whole tribe of men who think themselves a little better than their neighbors—"the aristocracy"—on one side, with the "mill boy of the slushes," "their darling candidate"—HENRY CLAY—at their head; and on the other side, the great body of mechanics, agriculturalists, men who love industry better than government privileges, and economy better than reckless speculation. Here is the issue; let it come say we. But let there be but one democratic candidate. Let every democratic press strive with the Richmond Enquirer and other able journals, "to put down a different spirit."—N. Y. Plebeian.

"We will have but one candidate in the field—and he must be selected by the voice of the people and a nomination of a convention. We will spare no efforts to put down a different spirit—and we will not even republish any of the scurrilous nominations of the several candidates. We are happy to find our opinions on this sub-

ject confirmed by the staunchest and most distinguished presses of the republican party."

LIST OF ACTS

Passed at the third Session of the 27th Congress.

There were but 47 Acts of a public nature passed by the late Congress. None of these acts were such as to employ a great portion of time. They did not involve great National questions or effect any important reform. They concerned chiefly the Diplomatic and civil expenses of the Government—appropriations for the Army and Navy—the means of future intercourse with China—to provide for the carrying into effect the late Treaty of Washington, &c. &c. The act granting a pension to certain widows of the Revolution was very proper and will be hailed with joy and gratitude by some of those ancient relics of war worn veterans. With the exception of this last act and one or two others—the repeal of the Bankrupt Law—and re-issuing a quantity of Treasury Notes—we can see nothing of great interest or importance that has been accomplished by this Congress.

The following Bills were under discussion, and some of them important—highly so, yet they were left without action.

SOME BILLS WHICH DID NOT PASS.

The bill to provide for the satisfaction of claims due to certain American citizens for spoils committed on their commerce prior to July 31, 1800.

The bill for the augmentation of the marine corps, and for other purposes.

The bill establishing additional ranks in the navy of the United States, and for other purposes.

The bill making appropriations for the commencement of certain fortifications, for repairing old works, and for military surveys.

The bill to provide for the disposal and management of the fund bequeathed by James Smithson to the United States, for the establishment of an institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men.

The bill making appropriations for the Cumberland Road in the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, and for certain harbors.

The bill [No. 648] to reduce the compensation to the members of the Senate, members of the House of Representatives of the United States, and other public officers.

The bill to reduce the postage on letters, to fix the same in decimal currency, to regulate the postage on newspapers, and to abolish the franking privilege.

The bill regulating the taking of testimony in cases of contested elections, and for other purposes.

The bill making appropriations for the improvement of certain harbors, rivers, &c.

The bill to establish a Government office for printing and binding, and for other purposes.

The bill to authorize the adoption of measures for the occupation and settlement of the Territory of Oregon for extending certain portions of the laws of the United States over the same, and for other purposes.

The bill to prevent the employment of private express upon mail routes, and for the prevention of frauds upon the revenues of the Post Office Department.

The bill for the relief of General Andrew Jackson.

HOW TO MAKE A NEWSPAPER INTERESTING.

How shall we? We are closeted all the time. We can scarcely have time to go to a neighboring town to see a relative, or take a ride. We can only gather news that is foreign—out of the County—and that from our exchanges. People say frequently, we want more local news—more that concerns the town—the County—the Marriages—the deaths—and all other events containing information of political or moral importance.

How can we get this information? We can only get it by the assistance of correspondents. Let some young man or any one capable of writing, in each town, sit down every week and transcribe whatever is interesting, novel, and worthy being published, and send it forward to us free of postage; and our sheet, in this way, might become very much more interesting, so far as local news is concerned. This is the only way such a desideratum can be obtained. Send in your communications, gentlemen; and let us see what we can do. We want information in regard to Agriculture, Politics, morals, religious and secular meetings of all sorts, Anecdotes, History, scientific observations, inventions, education, good deeds and their opposites, Deaths, Marriages, etc. etc. In a word we want every kind of local news that can be useful and entertaining.

In this way we can give an identity to "Old Oxford," and procure an eminence for her to which she has never aspired. We can have a literature of our own. One that shall partake of the native energy and purity of her soil, the boldness and relief of her distinguished hills. Every town has its peculiarities and contains its peculiar talents and gifts. The beauties of Oxford talent can no more be brought to light without such an effort as here recommended, than the beauties of marble without the efforts of the sculptor. Who will be first to volunteer in this service?

SNOW STORMS.—MAILS.

Early Friday morning commenced one of the most drifting and boisterous snow storms we have had this winter. The snow was piled mountain high, and blocked up the highway in every direction. It fell to the depth of 12 or 14 inches on the level and continued through the day, Friday, and part of Saturday. The Portland mail started from here Friday as usual, but did not arrive in Portland till Saturday evening. This was the only mail that had arrived in Portland from any direction at that time. The snow was considerable deeper at Portland than here. At Rumford about the same as here. The Portland American speaks thus of this last snow:—

Friday, 12 o'clock M. At this present writing the snow is coming down in vast quantities—just as though we hadn't had enough for the last two months. Well, it is all right no doubt, and it is folly to grumble at what cannot be avoided. Last winter there was abundance of snarling at the want of snow, and the storm King meant to give us enough this time. However, gentle April will soon be along, and if she don't give the old monarch a sweat, then we miscalculate. He may do his best this month—it is the last of his reign.

But we foresee more bethorment about the mails. Our indefatigable postmaster will have to start off that pung again, or we shall get out our Ox Team.

No news from Augusta. The Western Mail has not yet past here (Monday morning) from Fryeburg to Augusta. It was due Friday.

THE SAGO DEMOCRAT. This Democratic Journal recently under the editorial charge of Mr. Beck, who is now no more, has passed into the hands of ALPHRUS A. HANSCOM, Esq. It has been under the charge of its recent editor, not only an able, but likewise a firm and honest Democratic Journal. Of Mr. Hanscom we know nothing; but judging from his address introductory, we should think the Democrat had lost nothing in point of talent. We welcome you, Mr. Hanscom, to the corps editorial; and hope you will not find the duties of your new station irksome, if laborious.

Riot at Lachine, near Montreal. This riot rose among the workmen on the Lachine Canal. The cause was the deadly feuds existing between different parties of laborers themselves, and had nothing to do with the contractors. From a war of words one party proceeded to pull down and burn the shanties of the other. This caused retaliation—empty provided themselves with fire arms, and proceeded to break open houses, &c. One man was shot so as to make his recovery doubtful. Another received a ball in the head, several others were injured and two severely frost bitten. The authorities called out the military. The result is not yet known.

BANDITTI OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—The Cincinnati Sun, speaking of these gentry, says that on the dark banks of this majestic stream, sunk in the depths of the blackest crimes, these outlaws are numerous. They have frequently been seen, says the Sun, by some who have escaped, but if all the poor devils that have perished at their hands were known, it would make a frightful catalogue indeed. Immediately after the sinking of the Caroline, the mate went to the mouth of the Ohio and procured a keel boat to load down and take off her engines, and while passing the mouth of a Bayou, in the night, the first thing he knew, six sturdy fellows were in possession of his craft, having slipped up with muffled oars without giving him the least notice of their approach. The companion of the mate was a lad, who was horrostruck by the appearance of their visitors, and remained mute. When the banditti saw there was nothing of value on board, and perceiving the master of the keel was a stout, well formed man, they informed him of their trade and occupation, and solicited him to join them. He refused;—they cursed him for an honest fool and left him, as they said, to work for what they got with very little trouble, which was, we suppose, a good livelihood at their nefarious business.

COMMANDER MCKENZIE.—The Court Martial did not sit on Tuesday, in consequence of the illness of Commander McKenzie, who is unable to leave his room.

Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. A vote was passed in the Maryland Legislature to sell this Canal. On March 4, when the Legislature came together, the question of reconsideration came up and a motion made to adjourn. After a long scene of confusion and uproar, the vote for reconsideration was taken and carried. It was rumored that the Barings, who own considerable stock in this canal, intended to buy it at a discount and pay the State in their stock at par. The reason of the reconsideration was to raise the price of the Canal to \$5,000,000.

There is a parody going the rounds, calling ladies "bustles all a-fleeing show," and speaking ill of them in various ways; upon which the New York Mercury bursts out in the following style:

Bustles are not an empty show,
For man's illusion given;
They're filled with brain, or stuffed with tow
They stick out 'bout a foot, or so,
And look first rate, by heaven!

No mails from the South or East, and no prospect of any, for this day at least.

The South West Bend mail for Augusta, started yesterday morning at the usual hour, eight o'clock, and returned after the lapse of several hours, being unable to proceed farther than Tukey's Bridge. At one o'clock, the team started again with fresh horses, and returned at five, having succeeded in getting but a short distance beyond the bridge. The pole of the vehicle was broken and the horses were jaded out.—Portland American, of Saturday.

[Communicated.]

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The most scientific and superlatively ridiculous humbug of the day is Animal Magnetism. And in saying this, we would not have our readers imagine for a moment that we do not fully and fairly appreciate the distinguished claims to this pre-eminence possessed by Millerism, Neurology, Transcendentalism, and a host of other isms too numerous to mention. That there are some facts which go very plainly to show that one person has a certain influence over another, with a certain temperament, we cannot doubt. But such influence becomes very unimportant when it is known that only a very few are subject to it; and that those few must be willing to experience it before it can be felt. But here is a new discovery on the subject. It has been found by Dr. Collyer—the prince of Mesmerism, that the transmission of that nervous something—the chief agent in the production of magnetic phenomena may be readily accomplished through the medium of molasses. The discovery will probably take the place of Moree's Magnetic Telegraph. In this case let us suppose that two persons, one at Portland, the other at Paris, wish to communicate with each other. The only apparatus necessary would be a tub of molasses and two wires. Then let the molasses be stationed at Gray or New Gloucester, exactly half way between Portland and Paris; place the ends of the wires in the black magnetic fluid, and extend them to each place inserting the opposite extremity in the ears of some disciples of mesmerism. Now there is only one difficulty to encounter. As the nerve-electric agency follows the laws of light, &c. the angle of incidence must agree precisely with the angle of reflection. The difficulty would be in keeping these wires exactly straight and getting the angles right. This difficulty would be insuperable.

Won't some disciple obviate it? we'll then try the experiment. But for the sake of letting people know that the subject is feasible, please publish Collyer's letter.

"Dear Doctor.—On the 8th of January 1843, I performed a most extraordinary experiment, and repeated it several times with the like success. It is as follows.—A lady who had been magnetized by the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Canadaigua, was introduced to me.—I found her extremely susceptible to the nerve-electric agency, and could present ideas to her mind in the waking or natural state, by the concentration of my own thoughts. I have always advocated the philosophy, that the nervous fluid was governed by the same code of laws which govern heat, light, etc.—as radiation and reflection; and actually made this lady perform the same class of phenomena which is the wonder of travellers in the East. She was required to look into a cup of molasses, (any other dark fluid will answer the same purpose) and when the angle of irradiance from my brain was equal to the angle of reflection in her brain, she distinctly saw the image of my thoughts at the point of coincidence, and gave minute descriptions of many persons whom she could have no idea of. She saw the persons and things in the fluid only when the angles of thought converged. I am not aware that this experiment was ever performed before, except by the Indians in the East.

Believe me, as ever, yours truly,
ROBT. H. COLLYER.
Albany, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1843."

Some idea of the damage done by the flood in the Red River may be deduced from the fact that one thousand bales of cotton were to be seen at once floating down the river.

PRICES CURRENT, AT LACON, ILL., Feb. 21—Pork, 1 cent per pound; butter, from 5 to 6; wheat, 25 cts per bushel; corn, 10; grouse, 37 cts per doz; venison, 23 cts per haunch; eggs, 6 cts per doz; chickens and ducks, no demand. Cheap enough.

A FEW FACTS AND FIGURES.

It is well to keep up the memory of the past. Great men like not to have either themselves or their works forgotten. We have had occasion, heretofore, to place on the imperishable record of our columns, some of the doings and misdoings of the great Federal party of the nation, now defunct or nearly so. The manner of their getting into, and the abruptness of their getting out of power we have recapitulated at some length, so that the children's children of Portland may know what wise things their venerated ancestors did under the mighty influence of hard cider and floating banners.

Here are some fresh items well worth the thought of all, and more especially of those who voted for "Tippecanoe," under the expectation of a great reduction of the public expenses. Secretary Woodbury estimated, Jan. 1841, the receipts for that year at \$24,722,473, and the expenditures at \$22,184,720. Now, the Whigs promised to bring down the legitimate expenses to about fourteen millions. Did they do it? Let us see.

Secretary Forward, Jan. 1842, reported the actual expenditures at (\$22,025,070.)

The same gentleman, in the month of January 1843, reported the expenditures of the previous year at (\$25,308,634.)

So much for retrenchment. But we haven't quite done yet. Let us go a step further. Under this new and marvellous administration there was no public debt. Now the simple fact is, as the official reports make fully manifest, the expenses of government during the last two years have exceeded its income just \$16,249,412 to a fraction. The public debt on the first of

Dec. 1842, was \$20,506,354
Add the Bal. Loan since taken 3,200,683
Increase of Treasury notes out 1,637,001
New Issue authorized 5,000,000

National Debt (\$30,434,038)
We wonder if it is necessary to make any comments? We think not.—Portland American.

Or Corns. The federal editor of the Kennebec Journal, speaking of a late article in the Advertiser on the right of search, says:

We go further and contend that our government should have readily and cordially united in acceding the mutual right of search in certain latitudes and with proper restrictions, subject to be revoked at short notice.

We wonder that the editor, with his British predilections, is willing that this right should be "mutual." Why not give it all up to the North or Country?—American.

A GOOD JOKE.—The Northampton Courier states that while a fugitive slave was giving in his "experience" at an abolition meeting in that town a few days since, one of the audience asked him if his master was a Christian. "No (said he) he was a member of Congress!" this of course, produced a roar of laughter.

National Convention. The Albany Argus says:—

"The recommendation—adopted in Massachusetts and Maryland, with unanimity—that the national convention be held in the spring of 1844, and that the choice of delegates be by districts, will, we doubt not, be freely acquiesced in by the democracy of this state, and probably of the states generally."

THE ISLES OF PINES.—The editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser says he has seen a letter from a gentleman at Matanzas, dated Feb. 20th which gives a more circumstantial account of the chase given to a schooner off the "Isle of Pines" by the U. S. brig Boxer, than has before been published. An officer of the brig informed him, that off that island they fell in with a "long, low, rakish looking" schooner, which the officer thought very like the "San Antonio," which he had seen in Texas. They gave chase to her hoisting the French flag, and the schooner showed no signals till a gun was fired from the brig, when she showed the Spanish ensign.—The officer said that "she sailed like a witch, and soon ran away from them." They were about four miles off when they first made the schooner. The writer of the letter very appropriately remarks, that "it is not unusual in those latitudes to meet with 'long, low black schooners,' nor is it unusual for fast sailing vessels to wish to keep clear of any man-of-war that may wish them to heave to," and that nothing but conjecture can be made out of the circumstance.

WILLIAM K. KIMBALL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CANTON VILLAGE, N.C.

No. 10

TERMS
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